

SALEM NEWS.

Roanoke Times Bureau, Dillard & Persinger Building, College Avenue, J. Ernest Walker, Agent.

SALEM ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALEM IMPROVEMENT CO.,

SALEM, VA.

For Information About Real Estate,

Industries, etc., Address

J. W. F. Allemon, Pres.,

Salem, Va.

SALEM DEVELOPMENT CO.,

SALEM, VA.

For Information About Manufacturing

Establishments, Real Estate, Railroad

Facilities, Schools, etc., Address.

A. M. Bowman, Pres.,

Salem, Va.

Decker Bros.,

Lindeman & Sons,

Chase Bros.,

and other leading makes

PIANOS.

Carpenter,

Chicago Cottage,

Princess,

ORGANS.

Best quality at easiest terms. Full line

of musical goods; at

LONG'S MUSIC HOUSE

Bank building, at College avenue dummy

station, Salem. jan23-tf

Darst, Smith & Co.,

UNION ST., SALEM, VA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

COAL, LIME, CEMENT, BALED HAY,

ROYAL PATENT FLOUR, MEAL,

CHOP, BACON, ETC.

Agents for P. cahontas Coal. jan23-tf

R. H. CARPER,

COLLEGE AVENUE, SALEM, VA.

Steam Fitters,

Water and Gas

Plumbers,

Dealers in Iron, Lead and Terra Cotta

Piping, Pumping Machinery, Pumps,

Rubber Hose and Packing.

Steam Fitting a Specialty.

Get our estimates before contracting. jan23-tf

L. W. SPIES,

The Salem Baker and Confectioner, Main

Street, Salem, Va.

Cakes and Confections, wholesale and

retail. Orders for weddings and parties

filled. Ornamental work a specialty. jan26-1yr

Camden Iron Works,

ALABAMA STREET, SALEM, VA.

Manufactures Ornamental and Archi-

tectural Castings Iron Fencing, Crest-

ing, Iron Fronts, Miners' Cars, etc.

Full line of hardware at store, corner

Main and Colorado streets. jan26-1yr

O. D. OAKLEY, Prop.

Continental Currency.

Along in the latter part of the last

century the continental money issued

to the extent of \$340,000,000 had been

sinking out of sight. Just before the final

collapse a desperate effort was made to

hold up the currency, but notwithstanding

all that the government, aided by the

leading men of that period, could do, a

dozen eggs sold for \$5,000 in continen-

tal paper money, and a silk hat of the

period, which would be worth \$7, cost

\$140,000 in continental currency. The

word was burned into the language,

and then, as now, the utter worthlessness

of a thing was conveyed by the

expression: "It is not worth a contin-

ental."

A Good Riddance.

A young man in Auburn, Me., who

applied to the city clerk for a license,

gave his age as twenty years, and was

informed that on account of his youth-

fulness he would have to secure his

parents' written consent before a certifi-

cate could be issued. He went out and

soon returned with a brief, but pointed

document: "This is to certify that my

son John — has my consent to marry

Ann —, or any other woman. He is

young in years, but old in devilment."

A North Carolina clergyman has

under his charge thirteen churches, is

president of two cotton mills, secretary

and treasurer of another, secretary and

treasurer of a building and

loan association.

—Frank Siddalls, the prominent soap

manufacturer, was once asked why he

did newspaper advertising altogether,

and did not follow in the footsteps of

other manufacturers, putting up sign-

boards, etc. He replied that in his ex-

perience he found that the man that

does not read the newspapers never

uses soap.

—Jack—"Don't you think we could

get along on twenty-five dollars a

week—eight dollars for rent, ten dol-

lars for the table, four dollars for the

servant and three dollars for a rainy

day?" Jessie—"Yes, provided it didn't

rain very often."—N. Y. Herald.

ROBBING THE STAGE.

The Queer Mark by Which the Leader of the Gang was Discovered.

Stage robbing was almost a legitimate business in early days. Big merchants in San Francisco and other cities of the Pacific slope had a hand in it and made a lot of money out of Wells, Fargo & Co. There were lots of men whose notions of right and wrong got queerly twisted in the rough-and-tumble pioneer life, and they considered it no stain on the character of a gentleman to go out and hold up a stage when he needed a stake.

A merchant would say to one of these men: "I am going to ship twenty thousand dollars by Wells-Fargo's to-morrow. You get it, and we'll divide." You see, the express company had to make good the loss, and the shipper would get his money back, with a clean profit of ten thousand dollars. It beat selling goods all hollow. The road agent would go out and hold up the stage, and if he happened to get caught he was not in much danger of doing time for it. Powerful influence was used secretly in his behalf, and the chances were that a man or two would be put on the jury to save him.

The express company lost a great deal of money in that way, and at last James Gannon was sent up to Virginia City to break up the business. He was a shrewd man, and he devised more schemes for outwitting the road agents than you ever heard of. He sent treasure in sacks of potatoes, which were loaded on prairie schooners, and even the drivers never suspected that they were carrying anything more valuable than potatoes.

I have known him to drop a bar of bullion into a cask of molasses and send it through safely when he knew that the agents were watching for it. It was Gannon who thought of sending shotgun messengers on the stages, and he made them carry their guns with the muzzles resting on their toes, so that they didn't dare to fall asleep. He broke up stage robbing as a branch of the general mercantile business by making it too risky.

While I was keeping saloon in Virginia City, Clem Lee and three other fellows, whose names have slipped my memory, came into the camp and started a big faro game close to my place. They had twenty thousand dollars in the drawer, and I think they got hold of the coin by holding up a stage. They did a big business and were making plenty of money.

It was the custom then to close up the games at twelve o'clock on Sunday night. Clem and one of the partners came to me and asked me to mix them up two bottles of cocktails. He wanted them in champagne bottles, and had the labels scratched off. I wondered what all that meant, and found out later. I also noticed that Clem Lee had borrowed a light overcoat from Charlie Dexter.

As soon as their place was closed, Clem and his partners mounted their horses on C street and rode out of town. Clem was riding a horse that he had hired from the chief of police. All the animals were good, and as soon as they were out of town they had a chance to show their speed. The four horsemen spurred down the Geiger grade in the darkness at a terrific rate.

If you have been over that road, you know what a gallop down the grade on a dark night means. It is a steep and winding road through the mountains. The turns are sharp, and where it runs through Dead Man's gulch a slip over the edge would send horse and rider "to kingdom come" in no time.

The four gamblers flew over that road to Washoe faster than anybody ever went before, and made the thirty-four miles in less time than I would dare to tell. At Washoe they had four good horses staked out, and it did not take them long to shift saddles, try my cocktails, mount and start off again. They knew what they were after and they did not miscalculate time or distance.

In those days the stage companies had good stock, and when the Reno stage came along six horses were making it spin. Four men sprang into the road and one of them shouted to the driver to stop. The driver could not pull up short, and the men had barely time to spring aside and avoid the wheels.

Clem Lee leveled his revolver and fired, and one of the leaders fell dead. The other horses tumbled over the one that was down, and the stage was stopped, but not before a deputy sheriff on the box had pulled a gun and sent a ball through Clem's partner, Dick.

The passengers were ordered out and ranged in line, the driver threw down the box, and while the plunder was being gathered up one of the robbers said to the disarmed deputy sheriff: "I think we ought to kill you, my friend." Clem Lee interfered, and said: "No, there's been enough bloodshed. Let him alone." The stage was put to rights, everybody got aboard, and it was driven away, covered while in sight by the robbers' guns.

The three gamblers buried their dead pal, but where they dug his grave nobody knows. Then they mounted their horses, rode at a desperate speed back to Washoe, changed horses there and pushed on up the Geiger grade to Virginia City, where they arrived at nine o'clock in the morning and went to bed. They felt pretty safe, as nobody would suspect them of having made such a trip in so short a time. They could not have made it without a relay of horses, and even then they had to ride like devils.

But there was one little circumstance that was insignificant in appearance and fatal in fact. When Clem Lee sprang aside to avoid the stage he raised his right arm and covered the driver with his pistol. The forward wheel of the coach grazed the under side of his arm and ground into the sleeve a streak of mud that nothing could wipe out. A lady in the coach was looking out of the window, and as the coach passed Lee she saw the mark made by the wheel on his coat sleeve.

When she reached Virginia City, and with the other passengers, was ques-

tioned by Gannon, she said: "Look for a man with a wheel mark on the sleeve of his light overcoat. That mark was made by a rapidly-turning wheel, and no brush ever was made that will take it out."

Gannon strolled up C street, and Charley Dexter came along with his light overcoat on. Gannon glanced at his sleeve, saw the wheel mark and gathered him in. Of course, it didn't take Dexter long to remember who had his coat on the night of the robbery, and the three gamblers were captured and sent to prison. One of them (I shan't say which) was the son of a famous philanthropic millionaire of Washington.—The Great Divide.

EQUATION OF PERSONALITY.

A Kind of People Whose Company Is No Treat.

"The world's just like our family," runs an Italian proverb, and it aptly expresses the view that a certain type of mind takes of all things, all events, all men. Through spectacles of a home make all the world becomes a mere appendage of their own circumscribed existence, and they continually mistake the are of their own orbit for the great circle of the universe. It is ever a grief to meet such people, greater grief to talk with them, and the most grievous grief of all to argue with them. They do not understand abstractions of thought. To them pure mathematics is an absurdity, for everything is a matter of feet and inches and squares and rectangles, as they have observed in furnishing their homes. In the midst of social discussions, you are unpleasantly forced to notice that they are drawing on their own experience for the facts and on their wives' imagination for their fancy, and the first thing you know when stating a general proposition you are hauled up short by the statement: "Well, it may be so according to your light, but we don't believe that way."

Twist and turn as you may, move how will, you cannot budge such types of people from considering every question in the light of a personal equation, which can only be solved by the facts drawn from their own being only, and so, willy-nilly, the rest of mankind must need stop in the midst of a fine dissertation, on "society," for instance, to hear Blinkins tell how his social circle is revolved, and the azimuth and altitude of each particular friend, their real and apparent distance, and the parallax of their approach to greatness. "The world's just like our family," Poor Italy! as with us, in addition to having her mafia, Sbirri, lazzaroni—she is also troubled with the type of people who gave rise to the proverb.

Society's only relief from the family pride bores, from the personal-aekion cranks, from the men who construe a general allusion as a shoe to fit their intellectual club-foot, is to make determined war upon them now and forever. They are the true enemies of social order, the gangrene of thought exchange, and a cancer upon the fair proportions of sparkling conversation. This type of mankind knows naught of repartee, is ignorant of wit's essence, and, after all has been said and well said, can but feebly add, "that's just the way my wife, or mother, or father, or sister, or brother, or uncle, or aunt, or cousin to the fortieth move, are in the habit of doing."—Philadelphia Press.

A Collection of Crowns.

In various notes which have been published in the last two years there have been given descriptions of the famous "iron crown" of Italy, of Victoria's costly head-dress and other queenly regalia. It should also be recorded that a whole collection of crowns is kept at the royal palace (the Kremlin) at Moscow, Russia. These relics of departed greatness—they nearly all come from countries which have been subjugated by the tyrannical Russians—are kept in what is known as the "throne-room" of the Kremlin. Here are shown the crowns of Poland, Kazan, Georgia, Astrakhan and Persia, besides the thrones and other royal insignia too numerous to mention. Besides the crowns of conquered nations, those of almost all the czars may be seen in that vast treasure house. The most curious one of the lot is the double crown made for Peter the Great and his half-witted brother; the most costly, that of the Empress Catherine, which contains 2,536 diamonds of the first water.—Chicago News.

Things Royalties Collect.

The prince of Wales, as everybody knows, is a diligent collector of pipes, but he is not by any means the only one among European royalties who indulges in the "collecting fad." The czar of all the Russias, for instance, collects stamps and the eggs of birds of prey; William of Germany has a fine collection of autographs, the passion for which he shares with his "brothers," the kings of Roumania and Sweden. The queen of Italy, again, gathers in what shoes and gloves she can that have been worn by sovereigns of the past and present. She is the proud possessor of the shoes of Marie Antoinette, of Mary Stuart, the Empress Josephine, Queen Anne and the Empress Catherine of Russia. The latter were the present of her son, the prince of Naples, who brought them last year from St. Petersburg.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Handy Man.

Mrs. Gabb—Dear me! There comes my husband. There won't be a whole piece of furniture left in the house by midnight.

Mrs. Gadd—Horrors! Does he drink, and is that a case of liquor he is carrying.

Mrs. Gabb—No, he doesn't drink. That's a new box of tools.—N. Y. Weekly.

Belonged in the Baggage Car.

Conductor (stumbling in the aisle)—Are these your feet, sir?

Passenger—Yes, sir.

Conductor (sarcastically)—You should have had them checked.—Jury.

—Somebody Else's Death.—Old Seventy-five (to young bride).—"You will be mine till death, darling?" Sweet Sixteen—"Yes, dear, till—till death comes to my relief."—Yankee Blade.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Of the Principal Business Houses of Roanoke.

The following is published daily for the benefit of strangers and the public generally. It includes all trades and professions and cannot fail to prove of interest to all who intend transacting business in Roanoke:

ARCHITECTS.
WILSON & HUGGINS, 19 1/2 Third avenue.
BROTHERS DE SAUSSURE & WATERS,
O'Leary Building, Jefferson street.
GUSTAF BOTTLIG, Masonic Temple.
WM. C. NOLAN, Over Commercial Bank.
WM. L. REID, Masonic Temple.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
CHARLES A. McILUGH, Room 10, Kirk Building.

BANKS.
FIRST NATIONAL, Salem ave. & Henry st.

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, ETC.
I. BACHRACH, 54 Salem ave.
J. W. WONDERS & CO., 105 Commerce street.

BRICK AND TILE WORKS.
WEST END, off, 108 Jeff. st.

BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.
F. J. AMWEG, Commercial Bank Building.
FRANK H. MAY, 135 Jefferson st., P. O. Box 9.
T. C. OAKLEY, Builder and contractor. All kinds of building done, either wood, brick or stone. Fine stores and residences and large storage houses a specialty.

BUSINESS COLLEGE.
NAT. BUS. COLLEGE, 3rd ave. & Henry st.

CANDY, MAN'FR, FANCY CAKE BAKER & ICE CREAM FURNISHER.
CATOIGNI'S, 50 Salem ave.

CLOTHIER, TAILOR AND HATTER.
JOS. COHN (E. M. Dawson, Manager), 44 Salem ave.

COAL, WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
J. C. F. BELL & CO., 319 Salem ave. s. w.; tel. 19.
NOTTINGHAM & HALL (sawed stove and kindling wood), 7 Commerce street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
B. F. ALLEN, 3 Commerce st. (wholesale dealer in fruit and produce, telephone 190).
O. P. EVANS & SON, 210 Salem ave. (wholesale fruit and produce dealers), Tel. 121.

COURT STENOGRAPHER.
CHAS. E. GRAVES, office with Penn & Cooke.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES & JEWELRY.
D. L. SOLOMON, 108 Salem ave.

DRUGGISTS.
HALLER & BARNES, corner Jefferson & Norfolk ave.; tel. 300.
ROANOKE DRUG CO., 24 Campbell st., tel. 47.

FURNAL DIRECTOR.
G. W. SISLER, 407 Second st. n. e. (coffins, caskets, robes, etc.), Tel. 102.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.
COPPER & STONE, 10 Salem ave. s. e.

GROCERS.
R. J. ECKLOFF, 21 Jefferson street.
F. H. WALKER, Campbell st., 1 door east of Jefferson.

HARDWARE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
BROWN, JOHNSTON & CO., 11 Jefferson street, Telephone 45.

HAY, GRAIN, &c.
DANIEL & HOLLADAY, 14 Kirk, rear P. O.

IRON CONTRACTOR.
CUSHMAN IRON CO., Commercial Bank Bldg.

LIQUOR DEALERS.
OPPENHEIM & CO.'S EXCHANGE, cor. Commerce and Campbell streets.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
KESTER'S (Imported and Domestic Suitings), 107 First st., Times Bldg.
LEWIS (rear First Nat. Bank), 105 Henry st.

METAL CORNICE & ROOFING WORKS.
GARA, McGINLEY & CO., Room 7, Commercial Bank Building; cornices, slate and tin roofing.

PAWNBROKERS.
S. NYBURG, 29 Railroad ave., s. e.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
ROANOKE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, 120 Salem avenue.
H. V. LINEBACK, successor to Euteler, 23 Salem avenue.

PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING, &c.
ROANOKE SANITARY PLUMBING CO., No. 10 South Jefferson Street.

PRACTICAL HORSESHOER.
M. HALEY (treats all diseases of horses' feet), Fourth ave., between Jefferson and Henry st.

REAL ESTATE.
SIMMONS, CARPENTER & TINSLEY, 103 Jefferson st.

RENTAL AGENTS.
M. H. O'MOHRRO, 4 S. Jefferson street.

RENT AND COLLECTING AGENCY.
WILBUR S. POLE & Co., No. 8 Jefferson st.

SCAVENGER AND GARBAGE WORK.
PRYOR WOODSON, 223 Fourth ave. n. w.

SEWING MACHINES.
NEW HOME, J. A. CAMPBELL, Agent, 307 Henry street.

STEAM LAUNDRIES.
DIXIE, Franklin and Second st., tel. 187.
ROANOKE, 129 Kirk ave. s. w., tel. 116.

STENOGRAPHERS & TYPEWRITERS.
C. M. HOGSETT, room 12 Masonic Temple.

TRANSFER COMPANIES.
ROANOKE TRANSFER COMPANY, Package Room, 8 South Jefferson st., tel. 119.

CITY MARKET.

CHOICE MEATS.
BREADY (keeps the best), stall 6, Market House.
E. B. CATT, stall No. 4 (sausage a specialty).
J. W. HOGAN, stall 3.
THOMAS NELSON, stall No. 9.
W. C. OVELEY, stall 11.
W. N. SALE, stall No. 10.

CURED HAMS, BEEF, LARD, &c.
E. J. KEMP (specialty beef tongues), stall 14.

FISH: WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
C. M. MURDEN & CO. (experienced fisherman), cor. Nelson street.

FRESH FISH, OYSTERS AND PRODUCE.
B. E. ODELL BROS., City Market.

GAME, DRESSED FOWLS, VEGETABLES, &c.
S. J. AKERS, City Market.

PRODUCE, FISH AND OYSTERS.
HUDSON & DEAL, 10 Salem avenue n. e. (wholesale and retail).

ROANOKE DRESSED BEEF CO.
N. RENSCH, Stall No. 8.

N. RENSCH, proprietor of the Roanoke Dressed Beef Company, buys only Virginia stock. "Patronize Home Industries" is his motto. He butchers stock daily, and his patrons are never served with anything but fresh meats.

A. L. JAMISON & Co., coal and feed dealers. All kinds of feed Office at junction of Norfolk avenue and Campbell street. Telephone No. 105.

The celebrated Steck piano, the best known in the South, never fails to give satisfaction. Write the Smith Music Co. for catalogues and prices.

T. J. H. Spencer's Best. It is the finest tobacco made.

PROFESSIONAL.

GEO. L. COLGATE,

CONSULTING AND SUPERVISING

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER,

ROANOKE, VA.

jan10-tf.

OAKLEY & WOOLWINE,

Funeral Directors and Practical

Embalmers, 120 Third avenue, Roanoke.

Calls answered in city or country. Residence telephone No. 23; office, 61, ap7-1y

ADDICKS & WERNWAG, ELEC-